The Marie Poems

by

Terry James

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HMS Press:

Electronic Books In Print / Books On Disk
& Canadian Poetry Association
London Ontario Chapter

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ISBN 1-895700-59-0

The Marie Poems

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by Terry James

The MARIE Poems:

A Revolution in Poetry for the reader and aspiring poet.

By

Terry James

Dedicated to Marie Kathleen Dyck
for the inspiration; if only she
could read these poems.

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1. The Revolution

Poems should enrich your readers, make them happy. There are so many depressing poems that it is no surprise poetry books are not on top ten lists.

Poetry should be like architecture; no one sets out to build an ugly building on purpose. Buildings should inspire us if the architect has any talent. So while this book may not include a complete revolution, you will find that it stresses many items other books do not, such as how to be innovative, how to be creative, how to drill techniques to a fine art. Nevertheless, any skills developed must still encompass a general architecture or goal. The goal, must be to enlighten your reader.

If you must write something depressing, at least include an insight, unexpected humor, a vision of beauty or an uplifting of the spirit. Unfortunately it is easier to be negative and break things, than to be positive and build things. We have so many more words with negative than positive connotations. There are so many words in our society to describe disturbed behavior, so few to describe healthy behavior. For example, what are the words that describe the opposite of psychotic, schizophrenic, psychopathic ? Negativity abounds and poetry is a good place to start fixing things. Poets should write depressing poems as often as it rains in the desert. Is happiness not better than sadness ?

Poetry has focused too much on the negative. It is time for a revolution of happiness with just the occasional poignant thought. There can be no "ups" without a few "downs", but life does not have to be plain sad everyday. To quote Percy B. Shelley, poetry is "the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." Impact ------

Poetry has an impact when the words make people see things differently. If someone reads a poem and their life suddenly has point, then the poet succeeded. A poet must get impact.

Poets cannot say the same old things because old things don't get reactions. Poets must be creative. So if poets aren't going to impress people with meter and syllable counts, then poets better have impact in other ways. Impact means being creative, saying something in a new way, making people think, changing people by changing how the world looks. Robert Frost said, "The right reader of a good poem can tell the moment it strikes him that he has taken an immortal wound - that he will never get over it." Robert Frost knows about impact; he is a good poet.

2. Advice to Aspiring Poets

You have to love it

Write poetry because you love it, not to become rich or win a Nobel prize. Poetry is one of the most difficult areas to get published. If you want to get published, write a self-help book on some trendy subject after sending query letters to many publishers.

Know your market ----------

Many publishers do not want "greeting card" verse. They do not want light verse or limericks. Some publishers want inspirational verse, many publishers explicitly do not. If you are not sure what a publisher will take, look in the "Writer's Market" or "Poet's Market". These are excellent books explaining what publishers want, what contests are available, and the rules you need to follow. The "Writers Market" has an index at the back for poetry, but the selection is small. It would be better to buy the "Poet's Market". Chapbooks ---------

Many poets do not know there is an alternative the magazines and poetry books you see in bookstores. This alternative is called a chapbook which is a small booklet of 20 or 30 poems. Chapbooks are a source of recognition but are not usually sold in bookstores. You can sell these chapbooks yourself, after poetry readings, through classified advertisements or even on the street. Contests

---

Contests can be an excellent way to become known and get published. You can also select contests that will permit you to compete against other unpublished poets, giving you a much better chance.

Please be careful that you are in a legitimate contest and not being exploited. Some unscrupulous people will charge large entrance fees, not to cover costs but generate personal profits. In a legitimate contest, the entrance fees should be small, there are only a few winners, and the winners don't spend lots of money on courses and publications.

Don't accept publication too quickly ----------

Don't rush to publication. You will improve, you will look at your publications, and you will be very embarrassed if you rushed. This happened to me. It is a nice complement to be published, but is your work really ready for prime attention ? Are you ready to have it in print 10 years from now and still be proud of it ? Common Editor Complaints ----------

Publishers complain many submitted poems have lines too long to fit a standard book which means added expenses for publishing.

Editors usually prefer current places, people and events. Do not write about ancient Greek heroes or dead poets.

Many editors dislike poems with patriarchal attitudes. The epic poem is not popular so establish strong credentials before writing epics.

Casual jottings do not make a real poem, and editors can tell the difference. This does not mean a poem cannot be short. Most editors prefer short poems with

impact.
Confessional poems to purge yourself of some personality failing are not likely to do well, but they may make you feel better. Feel free to write these poems for yourself, but try to write them with a sense of humor if you can.

Many publishers do not want traditional rhyme, so "know your market" as mentioned. Most publishers want a poem that speaks with maximum impact and creativity without being hampered by worn rhymes or twisted syntax to obtain rhyme. Rhyme can be used effectively if you are not a slave to it. If you break the rhythm or rhyme deliberately at the right spot, it can be very effective in obtaining impact. There are many types of rhyme, not just rhyme at the end of each line.

For every rule above, there is an exception. You will find someone, somewhere, who will take any junk. The advice above is to appeal to the majority of publications, not your mother and close friends.

3. Help for Beginners.

For the beginner, it is critical to write happy poems to improve your technique. Happy poems are far more challenging and will force you to explore your creativity. It is hard to sound happy all the time and hold the readers attention. Try it and see. After a few lines, a happy poem can sound silly and saccharine. In this book, you will find many techniques to help you write with creativity, joy and vivid images.

Who feels like running for a pen in the middle of a good party? We feel like writing when sad or contemplative. If you write happy poems, it will force a kind of professional discipline of writing in all moods, ready to receive inspiration anytime. Try to set a goal that 80% of your work will uplift your reader in some clever way, even if the subject is morose.

For the beginner, it would be best to stay away from rhyming verse for the first few months and concentrate on the message, not the rhyme or meter. The message should be a pulsing image with impact and rhyme is one tool in your suite of techniques. By not including rhyme, you will not sacrifice your images for rhyme, and you will build other technical strengths besides rhyme.

Don't be discouraged. ----------

Don't be discouraged if your poems get a lot of rejections. If you get 20 or 30 rejections, just consider it part of the learning process, part of paying your dues, and smile. Smile and continue to improve.

4. Drills and History ----------

Technical Drills

What concert pianist would dare perform a concert without practicing for 10 years ? Should a poet not practice 10 years before publishing a poem ?

A pianist will drill repetitive, boring, technical scales for hours a week for years. As a poet, you should do technical drills for hours. What drills can a poet do ? Unfortunately, poets have not developed many technique books in the same detail as musicians. As part of the poetry revolution, I have included a list of many technical exercises to improve your poetry.

Study the Masters

All the great musicians and artists studied the masters before them. Beethoven, Leonardo De Vinci and other great musicians and artists did not rely on genius alone, but learned as much as they could from others. Beethoven spent years studying other composers and he was not above practicing scales, a boring technical exercise.

You do not have to start from zero. You can build from all the inventions that took those before you many years of effort. You must read Shakespeare, Keats, E.E. Cummings, Shelley, Chaucer and other great poets as much as you can and study their tricks and techniques. You can build on what I have provided.

If you are truly a good poet, you should see ways to improve Shakespeare. You should see his mistakes. Do you measure up to this test, or does it shake your confidence ?

Shakespeare did not have the benefit of his own legacy to learn from, he invented his legacy. If you are a budding new Shakespeare, then with his legacy to work with, it should be much easier than it was for him. If you are not a new Shakespeare, and you probably are not, you will get a fast appreciation for his skill and learn a lot by trying to find a way to improve him. So try it, improve on a Shakespearean sonnet. You are now doing your first technical drill.

Improvising ----------

By playing with the masters techniques and ideas, you are improvising. Try to substitute modern words for unfashionable words used by Shakespeare or Chaucer. Try using opposite words, or simply change the structure of the poem to be less rigid, more modern and freeform. What does a simple change in structure do to the poem? Just experiment, and you will be improvising.

The attempt at improving Shakespeare, like any first effort, will be daunting. The idea is to have some fun, enjoy your art and most of all learn. The worst that can happen, is you will learn a lot about why Shakespeare and John Donne are so great, and we are not.

Beethoven spent many hours improvising. Beethoven could improvise tunes as he walked about town, he did not need an instrument. At one point, a local musician played a parody of one of Beethoven's piano works. Beethoven on hearing the piece, spontaneously sat and improvised a parody of the parody. You will learn a lot with the technical drill of improvisation. Have some fun and

smile.

Inspiration

Most poets do read the masters before them. Do most poets improvise ? Do most poets do technical drills ? This book will provide many techniques you could drill to improve. These techniques do not replace inspiration, creativity, genius or talent. These techniques to not steal spontaneity. The techniques merely provide tools to build on when the spontaneous moment of inspiration strikes. To have no technique, to never practice, is not to understand "Art" the way great masters like Beethoven did. Artists are disciplined about their craft, if not their lives.

Poets should build vocabulary and technique and love it. In the end, the rewards are your genius, no matter how small, will flow unfettered in comparison to the untrained artist. A musician does not think of the individual notes in a fast ascending passage, years of technical practice allow the inspiration to flow, rather than thinking of how to play each individual note.

5. The Measure of a Good Poem.

Before we get into the six basic elements, let us summarize the main points so far.

1) The poem "must" have impact. If you use trite old phrases, idioms, hackneyed expressions, then start over. The poem should make you think, make you laugh, give you insight or change your mood. Don't say, "as fat as a pig," invent your own expression. 2) The poem must be rich in images.

The rule is "Show, don't tell." Don't tell the reader, "He was fat". Show the reader with an image, "He was so fat he rocked himself to sleep trying to get up." Catch yourself if you start to "tell" the story, "show" it instead. 3) Read the poem aloud. If you read a poem aloud, it will often highlight a weakness. A poem should have good sounds as well as good images. The sound can come from a sing-song rhythm, or rhyme, or alliteration or many other techniques. Alliteration is the sound effect of using several words that start with the same consonants, for example, "ragged rocks".) 4) Do not have spelling mistakes. Editors hate simple errors. If you use a computer, spell-check your work. A clever spelling "mistake" may be creative but ensure the spelling error is clever, not a casual oversight.

6. Six Basics to a Good Poem ----------

1) A suitable title and good opening line.
2) A good closing line with impact.
3) Persona.
Who or what is the main speaker ? The poet does not always have to be the poet who tells the story. Your poem could

have Death himself speaking, or perhaps the poem is from a pig's point of view, or a flowerpot talking.
3) Shape and structure.
Is the poem 3 syllables to a line or 50 syllables?
Is there a blank line every 2 lines (couplet) or 30 lines?
Are the words arranged in a shape, like a big ball ?

Is the flow freeform (jumping around) or precise ?
4) Syntax.
Do you capitalize the beginning of the line like old poems, or do you capitalize key words to make a point ?

Do you put in hyphens or comma's to change the rhythm ?
Do you use quotes, ellipses, parenthesis?
5) Sound.
Do you use rhyme ?
Do the words have a sing-song rhythm?
How does it sound when you read it aloud ?
6) Overall review.
Does the poem ramble in places or is it too brief ?
Does the poem show or tell ?
Is it artificial ?
Does it treat the reader like a simpleton or is it too

complex for all but close friends to understand ?

7. Basic Techniques

The following are ideas to get your creative hormones active. These ideas should help you create images, think in new ways, express yourself differently. Don't be "flat as a pancake" or "hard as nails". Test your writing for common, over-used expressions and delete them, replace them, laugh at them, but whatever you do, don't accept them in your writing.

INSPIRATION ----------

Where does it come from ? There is no formula. The catalyst for inspiration is all around us. It may be in an exotic Eastern book on Tantric Sex, or it may strike you doing something mundane like a taking a bath. You may get a good idea for a poem from a subway poster or seeing a beautiful sunset.

Don't worry if there have been two million poems about beautiful sunsets. There are millions of love stories in the world, but we keep buying and writing more love stories. Your love story will sell, not because it is a tale never told, but because of "how" you tell the story, the images you select, the words, the sounds, the showing and unveiling (without a single spelling mistake, of course).

a) Exercise Drills to get started

As mentioned, one source of inspiration is to randomly substitute words into a famous poem and see what happens, does it make you think of a good idea, does it work, or is it a disaster ? Keep putting in words, a random combination may take you into a whole new realm of thinking, just by accident. For good words to play with, see the appendix "Poet's Dictionary". b) Mix ideas

One effective method for inspiration combines unlikely sources of ideas. Try combining Eastern religious philosophy with Marketing 101 business dogma. Combine housework with ideas about sports heroics and use the same sports exclamations. Any bizarre combination of ideas can lead to creativity and insights. Mix ideas that normally don't fit such as old and modern, grand and silly, reverent and irrelevant, the Godly and homely, etc. etc.

c) Ask questions

Break with traditional thinking. Take any statement and try to see it backwards, sideways, or in 3 dimensions. Take answers as starting points for more questions and see what you get. Take statements that are never questioned and ask questions anyway; reverse assumptions. It can be hard to even see a question in the "given" truths of your life and culture, but go to old letters, manuscripts or school papers and underline anything just assumed; then probe with wicked intent to prick the creative senses. Example: He fell subject to gravity.

And what if gravity failed ?

d) Poet's Dictionary

In the appendix, there is a list of words used often in famous poems but infrequently in daily speech. These are words with emotional punch. There are several suggestions in the appendix for using these words to inspire new possibilities. These are powerful words with much descriptive energy and image.

As you read poetry, mark any words you find interesting and add them to the list, building your own "power words". Example: "Seduced", is a good word.

Seduced by Darkness, Seduced by Envy, Seduced by a smile. e) Big topics

Big topics such as Death, Truth, Beauty, Art and Soul are all excellent fertilizer for poetic inspiration. Example: Art of Silence, Art of Magic, Art of Marie.

IMPROVE

------- a) Big structure. You could write the poem in the form of a long list, or a letter to a friend, an echo from a mountain, in a question/answer format. An acrostic is where letters spell a name, so say starting each line with a letter from a name. You are liberated and free to structure your poems, not just write sonnets and couplets from 100 year old styles. b) Personalize

Poetry is very indulgent, you cannot get too personal. Your soul is wonderful, your mind, even your toes are wonderful. Any part of a person is good subject matter. A person's name is very personal, so it works well. Another example, make someone into an animal as animals have strong images to associate with a person. Nature is powerful, and we can all relate to nature. You can use nature, personalize and humanize nature.

Examples: "Your cat-woman claws enter me."

"In a dream, you write your name in flowers."

"Your Emotions wash away in the rain."

"Your Thoughts scattered on the ground.

You could write the person's name in other things, for example, flowers, minds, hearts, soul,... The idea is to stretch your mind, go beyond writing in ink. Do the unusual, the amazing, no limits, no bounds, your creativity set free. c) Repetition. You can repeat a word, phrase, line or stanza.

Another form of repetition is to keep presenting an item in different ways. For example, there are many ways to imply darkness: blackness, obsidian, sightless or shadows. d) Exaggeration. Big numbers- eg. Ten thousand fires. Collection - eg. Fire of all fires.

eg. History of all failures in this sack.

eg. All the perfume in India Champion - eg. The best, greatest, biggest, deepest,longest... Last

- eg. Final dismissal, the last applause. Teacher - eg. Teach fire to burn.

e) Famous names. Famous names work well, especially associated with ordinary people (eg. Hitler, Joan of Arc, Jesus Christ, Cleopatra, Michelangelo). Don't use names only well-read poets would know, use famous names everyone will understand. Example: Richard Nixon envies your guile. f) Think big. You are not held in any way, do the impossible, untie your imagination. In a poem, you can fly, float, shoot in time, sing perfectly with angels, make love to a goddess, explore the universe and put the Sun in your pocket. You can overcome any physical limitation, never age, never get sick and never get hungry. You are free to explore the impossible. Example: "Moon for your birthday, Sun for Christmas."

g) Opposites. Exploring the opposite of an idea can be interesting and creative, or you can simply list negatives. For example, it is NOT dark, it is NOT green, it is NOT you. Example: The Dead finally start to live.

Anger takes a nap. h) Bate and switch. A surprise ending can be effective. For example, go into a long dialogue about mathematics but end by talking about a pretty girl as being much more interesting than mathematics. i) Sound. Use sound effects. For example, "Bang, bang, bang", or "Ooops" or "Whoosh". Alliteration, assonance and onomatopoeia are poetry techniques that use sound. Basically, pick words whose sound works well together. You can make up new words of your own if you like.

Ring

Our Love, like a ring,
without beginning,
without end,
before our birth,
after our death,
our love - a shining ring.

Overboard

"She is everything to me," it is commonly said.
"What do men mean when they say this of their lover ?

Is she the luminous Truth ?
Is she the Essence, the source of all loving Nectars ?
Like my Marie, a sacred, emblazoned source of strength ?

Do they mean she is the web of life, the glistening self-radiance?
Is she diamond, rubies, opals, all shining, in one clear light.
A lover made of sweet smells beyond dreams and illusion ?

When I say she is everything, I mean a state of reverie,
a wild reason, a liberator at the brink of my endlessness.

Marie is my supreme glow, my flame which does not burn.
She is my escape from Space, Time, Bondage and Ignorance.

She is my illuminating Mantra, my dream, my guiding star.
She is my one Word, my home, the end of my journey.

Well, perhaps I have gone overboard,
but from time to time, she is all these things,
or so it seems to my heart.

Is that what the other men mean ?"

Nothing

Big, big Nothing fills my heart.
My lover is gone, a painful phenomenon.

Nothing fills me,
my cry a soundless sound.

Nothing consumes me,
my heartache spans spaceless space.

Nothing surrounds me,
my touch falling off the endless end.

Nothing swallows me.
my sight lost in dreamless dreams.

Big, big nothing fills me up,
fills me with throbbing, tears for echelons.
My lover is gone,
gone,
gone,
gone.

I feel quiet bad today.

Big Fish

As with any fish story,
it was not this big,
no, bigger, grand,
bigger than my hands
spread as wide as wings,
bigger than this boat
including flags, everything,
bigger than the lake.

"Exaggerate, me?"
If you took all the fish
in this lake and put them
in a row, stacked end to end,
a flopping, jumping line of fish,
my love for her is bigger,
my heart flopping and jumping

with more rigor.

"So what is this about seeing other
people when single ? My love is bigger
than that."

Kubla Khan Khan, but I Khan't.

Kubla Khan had hundreds of wives.
Genghis Khan had thousands ,
so why khan't I have two lovers
without all this trouble ?

Emotions

My emotions,
so much deeper now,
halfway down to infinity,
from the experience,
of You.

Torments, Murderous Rage, Hard Feelings.

She is tormented by the love I did not give,
and so unwittingly mocks all the love I gave,
afflicting the love I want to give.

So I sit with her ring, awaiting the calm,
wishing for maps to apply Lover's balm.
My Insecurity, destructive delays,
Her Insecurity, burns suspicious flames
of Murderous Rage.

50 Wives

If I had 50 wives,
petting me, loving me, spoiling me,
nuzzling, hugging, touching,
feeding me, dressing me,
undressing me, caressing me,.....

I'd divorce them all in a microsecond,
to have Marie,
yes Marie,
Only Marie,
to marry me-

for eternity.

100 Marriage Proposals

The usual candlelight dinner and champagne,
or E-mail proposal for something plain,
100 proposals I've been dreaming of,
1 a week until we're married my love.

After making love on the nearest hill,
or in a doorway in a rainstorm for a thrill.
100 proposals I've been dreaming of,
1 a week until we're married my love.

After a tiny kiss during a walk,
just holding hands during a coffee talk.
100 proposals I've been dreaming of,
1 a week until we're married my love.

Cuddled and snuggled deep in bed,
or just with my eyes, the obvious but unsaid.
100 proposals I've been dreaming of,
1 a week until we're married my love

Whispered in your ear when you sleep away,
or to stop an argument or at play.
100 proposals I've been dreaming of,
1 a week until we're married my love.

With a dozen roses arriving 4 times a day,
little cards with one word each just pray,
"Will", "you", "marry", "me?" they say.

100, 100, 100 proposals I've been dreaming of,
1 a week until we're married my love.
Just make damn sure you don't change your mind,
when I ask you again.

More, More

Love you more than my house, familiar cozy corners.
Love you more than my wife, 9 years worn.
Love you more than my Mother, respect and warm touch.
Love you more than my Dad, brilliant and such.
Love you more than my dog, long gone companion.
Love you, more than life, more than the Sun.
"The Sun ? "
"Yes take the damn thing, if she's mine for a day."

i LOVE you, more than you imagine.
i love YOU, more, more,
more than my precious heart,
so unafraid.

Marriage

I like to dance like a Latin lover
with twirling arms and pneumatic hips,
spectacular dips.

Hate watching TV sports,
I'm a power-cuddle sort.

So how did she turn down the hand
if such a rare, fair man,
a poet, a millionaire in feelings ?

In what corner do you stand, if you're already in hell?

In Hell, there are those that deserve more, the wicked elite.
The Devil has a special corner for Hell's misfits and cheats,
a Hell within Hell, special fire and smoke in Hell's Hell.
Here, the pain is measured in infinity plus infinity,
as they jump from toe to toe.

Of course, even in Hell's Hell, there are those special few
who need more attitude adjustment, so for them, (no clue),
a Hell within Hell's Hell, Hell's Hell's Hell,
and its really hot, hot, hot -and what a smell.

But in Hell's Hell's Hell's Hell's Hell's Hell, the torment
and suffering is such, that I can only describe in augment,
for I would gladly trade places with any of those souls.

For I am a lover, once loved, now rejected,
and as every rejected lover knows,
our pain has no equal.

Good-bye Present

Between the first fountain of laughs and first wide open drink
100 mph, 200 mph
Between first dancing legs, swirling arms, surprisingly in sync
400 mph, 800 mph
Between first trembling kisses and "oh, my"
1600 mph, 3200 mph
Between lace, lingerie and the pools of your glorify
6400 mph, 12800 mph
Between dark cinemas with burning tongues and velvet sighs
25600 mph, 51200 mph
Ignoring other vows and office piles, our muffled outcries
102400 mph, 204,800 mph
Between holding-you lullaby and sex-us magnify
409,600 mph, 819,200 mph
Between shuddering hearts flying butterfly and love-you mystify
1,638,400 mph, 3,286,800 mph
LOVE YOU !
6,572,600 mph, 12,200,000+ mph
SAY WHAT!

I'm confused,
24,000,000 mph, 48,000,000 mph
EMOTIONS going too fast, Trying to STOP
98,000,000 mph, 200,000,000 mph
Supernova, OOPS, my heart just POPPED.

Line Up

Love is a short trip to sainthood.
Quickly, let us line up, understood?
Line up now; not could, not should,
not the sisterhood, but the
whole damn world Neighborhood.

Take 5 Minutes

Just a game,
just a wink
just champagne
just love play again.

Just a kiss
just a whisper
just a look
just love play.

Just a breath
just a sigh,
just a shudder
just love.

Just in, just out,
just one more memo
just one more pout,
just daydreams and "Oh",
just ...

Accounting.

I'm one person, its true,
But only half without you.
Us two, when together in Love,
I'd count as ONE
before we're one third done.

My half and your one,
makes one-and-a-half
and that's a laugh,
persons one and a half.

When time comes to count,
Love's total amount,
we have such an account,
that our figures mount,
and I mount and mount,
and you mount and mount.

Before Love - I do assure,
I love you equal and pure:
And
whether my math is bad,
Or my Heart is better,
I love you as an Equal.

Smile on my Face

Yes, I have a smile on my face,

I also have a smile in my heart,
and a smile in my soul,
maybe a smile in my toe,
and definitely a great big smile in my *****.

TA to TA2

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"Arrest Us," we plea

Poetry are bestsellers.
Love of beauty so intense,
so immense
in society,
our duty
to arrest 10,000 poets
whose writing is disturbing the peace.
Make it so,
make it a social masterplease.

Love in the Bahamas.

Azure waves, as in a cradle,
rock us.
Her eyes, embroider promises,
for us.
Spray, like secret kisses,
embrace us.
Dew drops below our eyes,
play us.
Her arms open, catching the Sun amber
on us.
Orchards of water, warm praises,
to us.
Mad mirth, sexy thoughts plucked
from us.

She smells me, tastes me in waves.
Serene, she opens, flying in her blue-sky eyes,
bells for her heart, our fire in the water.
Behind me my wife, before me feasts of promises.
Loving unafraid and open,
not as now in metaphor and image.
God or Goddess, bring it back I pray,
in Costa Rica, we should fly, hmm, and play.

If I can, I do, but now, I only write.
Only write, to remember in 1000 years,
our twilight- of Love in smiling Bahamas.

Song Cuddles

Cuddles galore,
cuddles long,
cuddles soft,
cuddles in song.
Cuddles in the bath,
in cuddles well-fed,
cuddling you all naked,
and cuddles, once again,
has us speedily to the bed,
for the glorious unsaid.

Dark Kisses in the Wind.

A kiss for the wind
and where will it blow,
to your knee or your toe,
to your bottom, firm and tight
or your plump, red lips alight.
A hundred kisses on the wind
and where will they flow,
to your thighs or your nose,
silly wind, carefree, miss the mark,
or valiantly ripple and spark
within your triangle dark.

Divorce and Marriage.

Divorce should be an old word,
older than her memory,
older than history,
not in any dictionary,
no etymology.

Divorce, was that a Latin spice,
or ancient vice,
or a complex game of dice ?

Marriage should be a new word,
pure word, birth word, vow word.
Every child;
is married to all,
to cherish, to hold, to care...
married and more,
to all human kind,
our CommonLaw,
and more -

and I am married to you,
all,
honor, protect, care for...
yes, even you,
too.

Risks

OK, so he moved in after a few days.
Is she insane ?
Is she sleeping with a murderer, petty thief,
terrorist with flu ?
Has his illusions included a wife,
children and crew ?
Does he pay billions in debt?
Is his prison record as long
as his annoying zoo of pets ?
Where does he hide his evil voodoo amulets?

Not likely, he is any of the above,
but worse than all these things,
please let him be hiding
how Boring he is ?

Never

She told me "Never".
We could never be lovers or friends again.
Is "never" cruel enough ?

Could the last day of forever,
that one day,
be grand, glorious hope to end "never" ?

Never, never. No smiles portray.
No feeble friendship,
for the last day of days.
Is that hard and cruel enough a price,
can that punishment suffice ?

Mere murders get parole, with less than life.
Convicted of hesitating, twice and twice,
before asking her in weeks to be my wife.

Forever, No never.
Sniffle, weep, wail and wail
from the condemned Forever Jail.

Journey

Take a journey
through the jungles of old memories,
childhood shadows, years and history,
ideas of old lovers like red wine flowing
over dreamy, teary waterfalls going.
Jungles whose regal shadows speak
like old philosophers who shriek,
"All that passes comes another day."

Take a journey
through the jungles of old memories,
childhood shadows, years and history,
ideas of old lovers like red wine flowing
over dreamy, teary waterfalls.
Jungles whose regal shadows speak
like wrinkled philosophers,
"All that passes comes another day."

They say we make our own Heaven or Hell

"Heaven is arrived!" said the Great One.
"You call this shit, heaven?" said I.
"What more can a blasphemer expect, son ?"

Scoff at those Big Guys

Muscles erupt with veins and sweat,
lungs rasp, clawing for breathe,
floors bend and sway with iron,
champions of strength - Bah Humbug !

I scoff at their bulging backs,
ripped clothes, the egomaniacs,
huge triceps and biceps racked and stacked.

I haven't called her in days, ages,
that is a feat of real strength.

With Me

She will not talk to me,
not one scrap,

but in my heart I carry her,
her lavender smell,
her love-of-life spell,
our loving twirls propel;

but in my soul, I carry her
hot smile and warmth of her eyes,
her mind as quick as a steaming jet high.

Falling into her magic and sex,
that fills my every sigh and cry.

Although she won't return my mail.
In my heart, I carry her with me,
always I hold her dear and near.

Reality

Stones, flowers, crawlers, flyers,
gliders, runners, mites and bees,
night biters, sun soakers, mossy trees,
furry ones, buzzing stings, exploding springs,
or microbes please,
all things, all things,
called by one substance called "Reality".

My love Marie, shares that ingredient too,
for has "real" in her soul, her body through,
her evening glow.
So I love all things, all things,
for all share a little of Marie
in the reality recipe.

Laugh

Sometimes, so lonely I cry myself to sleep,
and yoga and psychologists and all the hurrahs,
does not quiet the raging sadness, the "ah"
soundless cry, inside, that sea inside deep.

I am not omniscient, omnipresent, or a saint.
But if I had just a bit of God's fabled power,
just a teaspoon, a spec, just one sniff, one taint,

then no woman would be bruised in derision,
no child starving in shining pavilions,
no man crying in loveless depression,
no art conditioned, censored expression.

With a huge head projected, talking from the sky,
I'd promise all the dictators that the bad guys,
will "go to hell", justice done, evil guys fry.
Then watch the torturers and rich, scramble and pitch,
from just one big global verbal lesson of Godly affirmation,
as they play "just in case, to be safe".

The Universe would let go a "sigh",
and laugh and laugh and laugh
until little tears
tickle our joyous eyes.

Yes. Finally.

Witchdoctor

Witchdoctor, under the African Sun,
where the dust smells of heat.
He laughs with yellow teeth,
throwing bones at my feet,
throwing stones at the bones,
and he reads what future I've sown,
from simple stones and strange bones.
A pot of leaves mists and steams
as exotic smells and dreams
drift in and about.

"You are cursed," he cackles,
"but the curse is a blessing.
Return to the blond dancer,
and together,
together a joy for anyone to see,
together a blessing it will be,
not the curse I foresee,
in lover after lover
that all end tasting
like sour goat's milk and deadly pity.

The dust floats on the heat,
and my thoughts melt away,
to my dance partner sweet,
dancing not a simple dance,
but Dance of Love, yes,
the Dance of Life, Yes,
the dance of wife,
in the eternal Sun spotlight.

Thoughts

For every thought of her,
I wish I had one kiss
and my face, worn, just worn
smooth, clean, clear away.

Sadly, I detect,
my reflection is perfect.

I saw my Ex-lover today

I saw my lover today
Ooops.

Trauma in volcanic eruptions,
heartache at MACH 23, turbo-heart,
then she smiled
before she looked away.

Simple smile.
So simple, so "Ah",
wonderful.

Drums of Africa

Beating, my heart, beating,
smash, throbbing drum,
pulsing crash, unplanned, unlash,
for one unready instant,
in accident
I find I'm thinking steamily of her.

Beat, and blow,
the bass will run,
the trembling of the
African drum, sings
the song, tells the way,
as my heart says its say.

Can she hear, 20 miles away,
my beating heart, that raging drum ?

The Plant

The cries and moans, I hear no more.
My leaves turn brown, not fiery fuchsia.
The kisses and hugs, seem months away.
My flowers no longer come out to play.

This office was once a place of lovers
where hearts were touching with passion,
making me flower and smile in my fashion.

I'm just an office plant, perhaps,
but dear owner, let love song not lapse,
in the affair of your heart,
don't let the lady depart,
make her come,
and I'll bloom from floor to rampart,
in fiery fuchsia, in purple and green,
my little flowers beacon your love scenes.

Wallpaper

You can get it in pussywillows, flowers
or bloody battles and castles and towers.
You can get it with pictures of bricks,
or plain stripes, or illusionary tricks.

But the wallpaper in my tiny room,
on all walls, even ceilings bloom,
overlapping, pasted left and right,
sideways, up, down, a paper blight,
the wallpaper in my room and tomb,

is like an unexpected kiss in the night
our tongues in a daring fight,
our bodies, minds, emotions,...
The wallpaper is ALL POEMS,
to my love on hindsight.
Walls of poems about my room,
walls and walls....

Why ?

"Why leap ?
I mean why bother ?
Why read ?
Just scan the back cover?
Why the watch ?
Does time matter ?
Why such idle chatter ?
She couldn't care less,
she doesn't dare care.
Why the silly why ? "

"I try.
That's why!"

Dream of Christmas

No bow in lace,
no wrapping to play,
no tempting card,
no guesses or shakes,
no box for the tree,
no Santa, no socks.

But the gift I want,
below described,
to have her as friend,
just that,
all that,
for Christmas.

Like a child,
I'd jump and smile and grin
and cry and boy-oh-boy
I'd be happy.
"Thanks a ton Saint Nick.
Thank you, thank you, thank you,
for it came true."

Everything works out for the Best

Between the wars and disease,
no more ignorance, please;
Between accidents and incidents,
and a good man but fired, not hired.

Between, we broke up but I loved him so
and he loved me, it wasn't meant to be.
Between the slobbering mob trashed the store,
gang war,
sorry, it tore.

Between all decays, all dies,
I really tried.

Occasionally, with work, oh hard work,
and dripping patience and chores,
we make something beautiful briefly,
so let me keep you and hold you,
again, beautifully, quickly!

or like the Law of Entropy,
the Hittite Empire will never die,
the Ottoman, Assyrian Empire survives ?

The universe expanding, ever spreading thin,
the Sun, every Sun, goes deep ice cold,
as Everything, the Universe, entropy thin,
my passion too freezes in the cold fold.
This dark chaos, "everything works
out for the best?"

Where did all this dust come from?

For one more blip, quick,
before Entropy comes,
in universal time,
one universal mind
one fierce kiss,
try and be mine.

Tuft of String

With love, I have wings,
to fly so high,
to soar mountains above,
above eagles I fly,
upward I go, upward I dive,
in the jet stream of love,
the warm winds I glide,
higher and higher, I ride.

Zambezi, Amazon and Yangtze,
look like winding strings,
to my blinking blue eye,
but higher and higher,
higher my Love flies,
so the seas and oceans,
appear as tiny streams,
tributary trickles,
tufts of string.

I think my Love, tied my heart,
with a tuft of this very blue lifestring.
Now do you Understand, my Love ?

Heart's Missing.

She must have thought me silly, she plucked my heart,
so easily done, no need for a gun,
just kissing and teasing, loving and pleasing.

When near her, my blood was pumping;
lingerie, laughing and sheets dancing,
when near her, my blood kept love thumping.

But when she's not near, to my surprise,
my blood does not run, my heart's really gone,
for a week and a month, a season,
my heart's committed emotional treason.

Fuzzy dog.

A big fuzzy dog,
with dog goals,
and dog smiles,
and doggy guiles.

Bounding to the door,
breaking important stuff,
rough rough and scuff,
jumping, tongue lapping,
knocking over the very person,
the very person the dog loves.

Today, I'm the hairy fuzzy dog,
knocking over the one I love,
so I whimper a little dog monologue.
My main doggy goal,
was just to be close,
close to the soul,
of the one I love;
not breaking stuff
and knocking things enough.
Got a little excited, I guess.

Mold

First, God said, "Let there be dirt."
Dirt came forth.
God said, "Let there be mold."
Mold came forth.
God said, "Let there be advanced mold."
And bumbling forth, came Mankind,

arrogant creation,
but with a strong sense of Image.

Flood of Electronic Mail (e-mail)

God wouldn't have given us
e-mail,
unless he meant for us,
to sit on our humps,
and process, process, process
the electronic blips
as e-mail rains on us
in massive electronic clips,
40 days and 40 nights,
again 40 more days our plight,
like some God sent mighty flood.

Was Mankind bad again ?
Where is my E-mail ark ?

Reading

I read a soliloquy
and hear the growing,
groaning whistles
whirlwind
through the winter forest
of my melting mind.

Time

The only thing you take with you when you die is
your Time.

a

No means

I am a man
of no means
and a child
of extremes.
There is a mean
between extremes;
extremes predicting the means,
if you get what I mean ?

That's extreme, an extreme mean,
or did I mean, a mean extreme ?
Ex-mean, is no longer mean.
Oh nonsense, extremeanus meantremes.

What I like about you ?

I like your

bows and ribbons,
pearls and satins,
stockings and lace,
saucy, scanty panties,
diaphanous veiled mysteries,
pouts and lipstick,
velvet and eye magic,
garters and smiles,
gloves and terry-phile,

but most of all, I love you
as above, or naked as the Sun.

Goddess Help me

First touch, such,
Goddess help me.
For a mind kiss,
for an erection
in the heart.
Last touch, much,
Goddess Help me!?!

Heart Speed

Just a look
and my hearts unmooring
just a touch
and my hearts pouring
just a hug
and my hearts soaring
just a caress
and my hearts roaring
just making love
and my hearts warp speed.

But for all the heart speed,
and all the heart flutter,
my heart is as close to you
as two hearts can be,
but never so close,
that I'd not plead for
more heart speed and
more heart closeness.

Paradox of Love

That need, that want,
oh Ache Marie ache,
ache together;
ache in talk,
ache in thought,
ache again,
let it go,
and remain,
and remain,
remain the same.

From oh sexy ache,
to eating pizza and holding hands,
idyllic, idyllic, idyllic,
damn
that ache feels sooo... damn wonderful,
that ache aches again, just wanting you.

Beyond the Silence

When we make love,
in Tokyo, London,
Paris and New York,
the flowers bloom vastly-
cherry blossoms clog sewers,
roses jam up the road and
people wade and swim through
the marigolds. Carnations
hang in every window and
the only avenue of transport
is to let oneself be carried
away by the heavenly smell,
carried away, carried away,
when we MakeLove... my love.
And people think it flowers
because its Spring?

The Burn.

My mind is on fire
from my soul the smoke pours,
my body is in fever
and our sexuality roars.
Thighs to warm our ears,
Sighs to tremble our lips.
Arise, our blood steams,
a furnace within our hips.
Your mind is on fire
from your soul, the smoke pours,
your body is in fever
and your sex volcanic roars.
Molten sex, ardent, aglow.
Torrid fluids, piping hot flows.
Tropical and fervent, we writhe a slow.
Ablaze, my hard flesh, incandescent shows.
Our minds are on fire
from our souls, the smoke pours,
our bodies undulate in fever.
Our tongues sizzling,
our sex alight,
in ethereal, elusive, radiant delight.

There is too, a Heaven

In Love, my eyes, illuminated...
see you game, when I play
see you words, when I say
see you song, when I dance
see you heart, when I romance
see you breathe, when I sigh
see you all naked, when I fly
see you passion, when I ecstasy
see you divine, when I fantasy
see you, my love, my Heaven
now I'm There.

Marie

HER	ME
Eyes.	Wow.
Sky eyes.	Somersault
Blue sky eyes.	into
Blue blue sky eyes	her
Unveil blue blue sky eyes.	soul.
Thighs.	Wow.
Honey thighs.	Smiling into her
River honey thighs.	heart,
Sea-river honey thighs.	gate to
Rolling sea-river honey thighs.	Eternity.
Heart.	Wow.
Trembling heart.	Dreaming
Desires trembling heart.	secrets of
Depth of Desire's trembling heart.	Love's
Silent depth of Desires trembling heart/mysteries.	
Marie.	Wow.

The Confession.

Kiss me, quick, or I'll die.
Ah, thank heaven, now I fly,
great huge wings, soaring high,
Spinning down, upon you glide.
Hug me, quick, or I'll croak.
Ah, true heaven, my soul awoke.
Singing, dancing, ringing bells and chimes
within your thighs, my soul praises and rhymes.
Take me, quick, or I'll cremate,.
Ah, open heaven, our Making awaits,
In saintly clouds, I holy enter your gate.
Our life story near, your womb unfolds,
to a penetrating end, my confession unloads.

How to Phrase it ?

Fountains - explode,
cascade,
foam,
Spray,
our love
about us.

Mountains - erupt,
burst,
inflame,
Unfold
my love
about you.

Plants - sprout,
bud,
bloom,
Flower
your love within me.

Language - miserably,
helplessly,
fails
Telling of our love

and its super-sillywonderful
notions,
potions,
dreams,feelings,thoughts....

Terry and Marie = ????????

Stem + Petals = Blossom.
Mountain + Valley = Beauty.
Song + Dance = Art.
River + Sea = One.
Dawn + Heart = Ecstasy.
Giving + Waking = Joy.
Praise + Floating = Harmony.
Male+Female, Right+Left,Down+Up,
Positive+Negative,...

BUT

Terry + Marie = AMAZING LOVING

Roses, Mmmm

Roses velvety black
and roses powdery blue,
roses of any
unimaginable color,
just because its a rose,
it reminds me of you.
Super roses ten houses high,
fast stepping dancing roses,
eloquent, gesturing roses, or
seductive, loving roses,
kissing, cuddly, warm roses
that are just like you.
Roses and you
and roses and me
androsesandyouandmeand
Iandyoulovemelovyou.

Utopia

Let others write of Utopia, in my poetic dreams,
born in you, and from you,...

Every breathe is a path of sparkles strewn.
Every smile a soft rain of crystal light.
Every laugh heals an open wound.
Every kiss an life-orgasmic delight.
Every hug a glowing youth cocoon.
Every caress makes joy spice shooting bright.
Every thought moves thoughts galaxies higher.
Every word a universal, heavenly choir.

Every NAME belongs to You.

My True Love

My true love will remain,
my true love for life
because I foolishly stayed with the wife.
My true love with no pots and pans,
"Honey call the taxman, garageman, paperman".

My true love always remembered,
always champagne, roses, romance.
My true love, ablaze in passion,
our endless "remember" dance.

Burning Bridges

The burning bridge of our love.
20 days without a call, 20 more matches to the flame,
21 days without a date, 21 more matches to the flames,
22 days without love, 22 more matches to the flames,
the burning bridges, burning bright.

Once a week to touch her golden thighs,
for an hour a week to praise her shining eyes,
to have a date and keep it dear as planned,
despite the demons of day to day demands.
Too much to ask ?

So 23 days without a call, 23 matches to the flame,
24 days without a date, 24 matches to the flames,
25 days without love, 25 matches to the flames,
the bridge is burnt, the embers glowing and dying.

The bridge smoke is thick and swirling,
her new man is on the boat, her friends need a ride,
not one hour for us, the hours ticks by and bye,
in the embers and smoke,
which one of us (love) died.

Burning the bridges, 26 days, 27, 28, 29...

Guilt

She loved me once with such fire
it made a star dance,
Sparks, Ignition and hesitation in my stance,
for I'd never seen a star dance.

She's consumed by Guilt's shadow,
useless fellow, he steals love in inches and pecks,
he hides in her sleep to poke about,
he plays little jokes on self-respect.

Guilt, you pretender,
how can we love in splendor,
with you always watching?

She needs to follow her heart,
for a pure heart needs no excuse.
Your fee, Guilt, has fed its abuse.

And while she fights your shadows,
my love grows in such fire,
a star hellfire.
My love covers you in rosy sapphires
of affection and desire.

One day, without Guilt, we love,
and the stars will dance cabaret.
Sparks. Ignition, Firework displays.
The World will turns a new way,
from the impetus of such love protegees.

Answering Machine

A secret lover cannot easily slide into the home phone,
with a kid's bump on the head and a husband in bed.

A secret lover can soar sails to the office machine,
every Saturday night keen,
telling of kisses promised in the dark,
how sexy the dress the day in the park,
how lovely her smile,
dreams of trips on the Nile, or his desk.

And when she feels low, any hour in the weekend day,
she moves time and place, and picks up her messages,
of kisses in the dark, dreams by candlelight, flamenco sparks.

How many women wish on this romantic star,
just once such a daydream in a romance book,
in a secret lovers look.
New Year, he kisses slow and long, the phone hook,
so the machine at the office, its husky message took.

But my lover won't get the New Year kiss,
for she won't check the machine until Monday at nine.
What is a New Year kiss message, on Monday at nine?
Give me a woman, with romantic dreams, everytime!

Sonia

for someone so evil,
it is surprising she is not
prettier.

Manipulating and cruel,
but only to those who'll
love her.
Flirting hugs for token strangers.
Lies rise
like souffle
reserved for you
if you care for her too,

but for someone so evil,
it is surprising she is not
prettier.

Followed

Cold winter and missing her,
I walk quickly, my legs were,
rushing as curt as the whip wind.
He follows, ragged, behind,
intense eyes, for the bread ?

"Dear Friend, why follow me,
I have no Truth ?"

Unforseen smile,
like fresh rain,
with pride,
the old Bum
turns and flies
the curt whipwind bye.

Awards, Ceremonies and Orgasms

The journey takes hours, days, years.
The arriving takes seconds.
Better to enjoy the journey.

Appendix - Poets Dictionary

If you are a poet, then fall in love with words. Be amazed by certain words. Enjoy the sounds of some words, the image of some words, enjoy the feelings some words carry.

The words listed below were all selected from famous poems. These words occur in high frequency in poems so if you use these words, you are using the same words many famous poets have used.

Since the words are listed alphabetically, you will find it easy to use assonance or alliteration (repeating words starting with vowels or consonants).

You may find inspiration just reading these powerful words randomly. You may find inspiration by substituting these words for a word in an existing poem you have written or some famous poet has written. A small word change can often send our thoughts in whole new directions.

Words are wonderful and terrible. A word can make a person cry or laugh in a second. Words with power, words that have strong connotations, are in a separate row starting with a "-".

One technique is to mix power words with other words and the combination can give surprising effects.

You can use the words below as seed words. As an example, the seed word is used with a thesaurus to find new words. Another way to find alternatives is to ask, what are its other forms, noun, adjective, verb or adverb ? You can change the suffix or prefix by adding -ing, a-, -en, -s, -ly, -er, -est and so on. A small suffix change may change the whole context of the poem, for example, "sweeter" and "sweetest" have very different connotations.

Poets Word List

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adoration alive angels art asleep awaken awe
-afraid anger anguish ashes
bare beach beauty bewitch birds blaze bless bliss blood bloom
blue born brave breathe breeze bright brilliant brush
-bury batter beast betray bitter blackening blades blasts
blows blur bones bonfires brittle broken burns
cadence calm careless ceremony challenge chamber chant
chase chasm cherish chew child choir classic cliffs
cloudy cold complex creature crow cuddled
-claws crash crawl crimes crude cry
danger dare daring dark darling dawn day deepening delight
depth desert diamond disguise divine dream drizzling
-drunk devil devour disease dismal dragon dust dying
echo elation ember emblazon enchant engaging everlasting
exalted eye
-enemy
faint fair fairy faith false fame fantastic feast feeble
fertile finest fire firework flame flare flash flaws
flesh flight fluttering forbidden forever fortune
fragrant free frenzy frost
-fail fatal fierce fog foul frozen
game gardens garlands gentle genius ghost glass glee
glittering glorious glow god gold goodbye grace grin
-grope ghastly grave growl grumble
halo hard hear heart heavenly heroes hidden holy
honey honor humble hurricane
-hate haunt hell howl
ignite illuminate illusion illustration immortal
infinite ingenious intense intense invent
iridescence irresistible
-ice imprison
keen kingdom kiss knot
lambs laughed laurels legal life light lightning
lipstick little lives lucky lunar
-lash
magic magnificent majesty mask masquerade
mastery medicine meek melted mend merciless
mere mighty miracle mirror mood moon morning mountains
murmur music mystery
-moan monster mourn murder
naked never night nightingale noble
-numb
ooze

pagan palace paradise passion perfect perfume perpetual
petals pierce pious plain pleasure portal pour power
praise prayer prophecy psalms pure-ity
-pest prison
quick quiver
ramble rapture rave ravish realm resurrection revelation
revels rhapsodic rhyming rings ripe rippling rise river
roar rope rose rouge
-raging raw razor rude ruins
sacred saint scorn sea seal seek sensual serene shadow
sharp shatter shine shock silence silhouette sinking
sky sleep smell snow soar soft solitude song-sing
sorrow soul spark special spice spilled spirit splendor
splintering spoiled spring stagger star stormy strangle
style sugary sun sunlight sweeter
-savage scar scared scowl shock snake sordid starve
stones storm swear
taint tame tangle tempest tickle tigers tone tongue
touch tragic transcendent trap tremble triumph
trumpet tumble tune twilight
-tears terror threat
universal
-ugly
vague vanish veil virgin visions vivid vow
wake-ing waltz waste wet whip-lash whisky
whistle wild wind wine winged wisdom wizard
wonder word worship worst wrinkled
-weak weapon weeping wolves wounds
zealous zodiac